

The Riverman
By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Jack Orde, lumberman, has his drive of logs held up by a dam built by an irascible mill owner. II—Orde declares war on Reed, the mill owner. III—A stranger named Newmark joins Orde's river crew. IV, V and VI—The drive goes down river, having many adventures, and Orde invades a gambling house at Redding and outwits the sharpers. VII and VIII—Newmark suggests to Orde that they found a log driving company. IX—Orde meets Carroll Bishop, a beautiful New York girl. X and XI—The log driving company is formed by Orde and Newmark and begins business. XII, XIII and XIV—Orde seeks the companionship of Carroll Bishop, who returns to New York. XV—Orde makes improvements along the river to facilitate log driving. XVI—Orde visits the Bishop family in New York. XVII—Orde is deeply in love with Carroll, but the girl's mother objects to him. XVIII, XIX and XX—Carroll confesses her love for Orde. They wed and depart for the west. XXI—The couple go to live at Monrovia, and Orde resumes lumbering.

Chapter 19

ORDE found a note at the hotel the next day asking him to be in Washington square at half past 2. Carroll met him with a faint smile.

"Things aren't quite right at home," she said. "It is a great shock to poor mother at first, and she feels very strongly. Oh, it isn't you, dear; it's the notion that I can care for anybody but her. You see, she's been used to the other idea so long that I suppose she'll get used to it after a little, but it takes time."

Orde examined her face anxiously. Two bright red spots burned on her cheeks; her eyes flashed with a nervous animation.

She smiled up at him. "We have to pay for the good things in life, don't we, dear? And they are worth it. We must not be too impatient. Now, let's enjoy the day."

At 2 o'clock Orde took her back to her doorstep.

This went on several days. Orde saw that the strain was beginning to tell. Carroll's worried expression grew from day to day.

From Gerald at his club Orde sought more intimate news of what was going on.

Little by little Orde's eager questions drew out the truth of the situation. Mrs. Bishop had shut herself up in a blind and incredible obstinacy, whence she sallied with floods of complaints, tears, accusations, despair, reproaches, vows, hysterics—all the battery of the woman's misunderstanding. If Carroll undertook to say anything the word would start her mother off on one of her long and hysterical tirades. Her child had disobeyed her.

As a climax she had assumed the unapproachable position of a complete stranger, wherein she demanded the minute care of an invalid in the crisis of a disorder. The mere mention of the subject nearest Carroll's heart brought the feeble complaint:

"Do you want to kill me?"

"Only scrap of victory to be won from this stricken field was that Carroll insisted on going to meet her lover every afternoon. Though he fretted under the tyranny, he could see nothing which could relieve the situation save his own withdrawal. He had already long overruled his visit. Important affairs connected with his work demanded his attention. He had the comfort of Gerald's love assured.

The morning after he had reached the conclusion he again met Gerald at the museum.

"Orde," said Gerald suddenly, "I'm worried about Carroll. Mother has commenced bothering her again. It won't be so bad as long as she stuck to daytime, but now she's taken to prowling in a dozen times a night. I hear their voices for an hour or so at a time. I'm afraid it's beginning to wear on Carroll more than you realize."

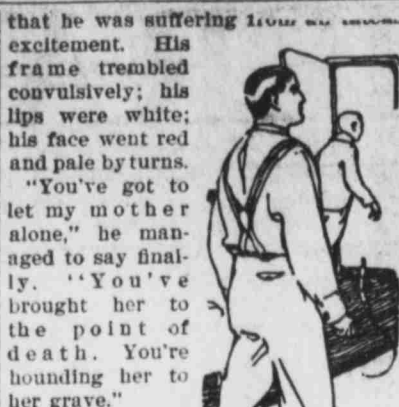
"Thank you," said Orde briefly and departed.

At his hotel Orde found a telegram. He did not open it until he had reached his own room. It was from home, urging his immediate return for the resumption of some contracted work.

"To h— with the contracted work!" he muttered savagely and, calling a bellboy, sent an answer very much to that effect.

He was interrupted by a knock on the door. "Come in!" he called without turning his head.

He heard the door open and shut, and after a moment he looked around. Carroll Bishop stood watching him. He looked at him curiously and saw



He burst from the room.

that he was suffering from an attack of excitement. His frame trembled convulsively; his lips were white; his face went red and pale by turns.

"You've got to let my mother alone," he managed to say finally. "You've brought her to the point of death. You're bounding her to her grave."

Orde thought to catch the echo of quotation in these words. "What do you want me to do?" asked Orde after a moment of thought.

"Go away," cried Kendrick.

"I cannot do that."

Kendrick's face assumed a livid pallor, and his eyes seemed to turn black with excitement. Trembling in every limb, but without hesitation, he advanced on Orde, drew a short riding whip from beneath his coat and slashed the young man across the face.

Orde looked steadily at the boy. Once again Kendrick hit, raised his arm for the third time, hesitated. His lips writhed, and then, with a sob, he cast the little whip from him and burst from the room.

"Poor youngster!" Orde murmured. The next day Carroll came to him with hurried, nervous steps, her usually pale cheeks mounting danger signals of flaming red, her eyes swimming.

Orde did not attempt as yet to draw from her the cause of this unusual agitation. A park bench stood between two dense bushes, screened from all directions save one. To this he led her.

"This thing has got to quit," said he grimly.

A carriage rolled near and discharged its single passenger on the pavement.

"It's Gerald!" cried Carroll.

The young man, catching sight of them, picked his way daintily and leisurely toward them.

"I have brought," said he, "a carriage, and I wish you would both do me the favor to accompany me on a short excursion."

The three—Carroll and Orde somewhat bewildered—took their seats. After an interval the carriage drew up opposite a brownstone dwelling. The three were ushered by a discreet and elderly maid into a little square reception room.

"I have brought you here, among other purposes, to hear from me a little brief wisdom drawn from experience and the observation of life," Gerald began, addressing his expectant and curious guests. "That wisdom is briefly this: There comes a time in the affairs of every household when a man must assert himself as the ruler. In all the details he may depend on the woman's judgment, experience and knowledge, but when it comes to the big crises, where life is deflected into one channel or the other, then, unless the man does the deciding, he is lost forever and his happiness and the happiness of those who depend on him. This is abstruse, but I come to the particular application shortly."

"This may be all very true, Gerald," said Orde, "but I fail to see why you have brought us to this strange house to tell it."

"In a moment," replied Gerald. "Have patience. Believing that thoroughly, I have come in the last twenty-four hours to a decision."

He produced a paper and a package from his inside pocket.

"I have here," he went on suddenly, "marriage papers duly made out. In this package is a plain gold ring. In the next room is waiting by prearrangement a very good friend of mine

in the clergy. Personally I am at your disposal."

He looked at them expectantly.

"The very thing?"

"Oh, no!" cried Orde and Carroll in unison.

Ten minutes later the three passed through the door into the back apartment.

They found waiting a young clergyman with two young girls. At the sight of Carroll these latter rushed forward and overwhelmed her with endearments.

In fifteen minutes the little party separated amid a chatter of congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Orde drove away.

"How do you like him?" asked Orde.

"He's a very shrewd man."

Orde laughed.

"I don't dislike him," said Carroll.

"I've not a thing against him. But we could never be in the slightest degree sympathetic. He and I don't—"

"Don't jibe," Orde finished for her. "I didn't think you would. Joe's not much of a society bug."

Newmark had rented a small one-story house situated just off Main street. Into this he retired as a small into its shell. At first he took his meals at the hotel, but later he imported an impassive, secretive manservant, who took charge of him completely. Neither master nor man made any friends. Carroll and Orde, out for a walk, passed this quaint little place.

"Jack," she begged, "I want a little house like that for our very own."

"We can't afford it, sweetheart."

"Not to own," she explained, "just to rent. It will be next best to having a home of our own."

"We'd have to have a girl, dear," said Orde, "and we can't even afford that yet."

"A girl!" she cried indignantly.

"You couldn't do the housework and

the cooking," said Orde. "You've never done such a thing in your life, and I won't have my little girl slaving."

"It won't be slaving; it will be fun, just like playing housekeeping," protested Carroll. "And I've got to learn some time. I was brought up most absurdly, and I realize it now."

"We'll see," said Orde vaguely.

Later Carroll brought the subject up again, armed with sheets of paper covered with figures showing how much cheaper it would be to keep house than to board.

"You certainly make out a strong case—on paper," laughed Orde. "If you buy a rooster and a hen and she raises two broods, at the end of a year you'll have twenty-six, and if they all breed, even allowing half roosters, you'll have over 300, and if they all breed you'll have about 3,500, and if—" "Stop, stop!" cried Carroll, covering her ears.

"All right," agreed Orde equably, "but that's the way it figures. Funny the earth isn't overrun with chickens, isn't it?"

Two days later Orde took her one block up the street to look at a tiny little house tucked on a fifty foot lot beneath the shadow of the church.

"It's mighty little," said he. "I'll have to go out in the hall to change my collar."

"They ended by renting the little house, and Carroll took charge of it delightedly. What difficulties she overcame and what laughable and cryable mistakes she made only those who have encountered a like situation could realize.

"Kind of fun being married, isn't it?" said he.

"Kind of," she admitted, nodding gravely.

The business of the firm was now in shape. Boom arrangements had been made, the tugs were in the water, supplies and equipments were stored away, the foremen of the crews engaged and the crews themselves pretty well picked out. Almost before they knew it January and February had flown.

"We must pack up, sweetheart," said Orde.

"It's only yesterday that we came," she cried regretfully.

At Redding they explored together for three days the delights of the old fashioned house. Then Orde assumed his woods clothes and marched off down the street, carrying his bag on his back.

"He looks like a conqueror of wildernesses," cried Carroll, straining her eyes after his vanishing figure. Suddenly she darted after him. She clasped him by the shoulders.

"Goodbye," she said. "You'll take better care of my sweetheart than you ever did of Jack Orde, won't you, dear?"

"[To be Continued.]"

Is This a Menace for Congressmen?

A very drastic law for the prevention of drunkenness in Washington and the District of Columbia has been presented by Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire. It makes drunkenness in the capital city a misdemeanor and provides for the establishment of a hospital for drunkards where commitments shall be for not more than two years and the District authorities will have power to establish such an institution as an adjunct to the great Insane Asylum above the Eastern branch of the Potomac. The inmates will be required to work.

Joe Miller Was Not a Joker.

Joe Miller, who is generally believed to have been the soul of wit, never made a single joke in his life. He was an actor and so grave in manner as to become the butt of other people's hilarity. When any witicism went the round Miller was accused of its authorship, and he would never deny it. He lived an exemplary life and died universally respected. But no sooner was he dead than appeared "Joe Miller's Jest"; or, "The Wits' Vade Mecum," compiled by "Elijah Jenkins, Esq."—that is to say, forged by John Mottly, the Jacobite, just as years before Hobson's "Polly Penchum" and Ben Johnson's "Jests" had been forged.

The Masculine Wig.

Civilization has to thank the French revolution and the subsequent wars for masculine emancipation from the wig. It was partly the scarcity of flour and the war tax on hair powder that banished the powdered wig, but partly also the leveling influence of Jacobinism. "I do not know the present generation by sight," wrote Walpole in 1791, complaining that the young men "in their dirty shirts and shaggy hair have leveled nobility as much as the nobility in France have."

Unfair.

Hazel, aged seven, while feeding the cat at the dinner table was reproved by her father, who told her that the cat must wait until later, whereupon the small girl wept and said:

"I think it is a shame just because she is a poor dumb animal to treat her like a hired girl."—Harper's Magazine.

But Did She?

"My head aches awfully," she sighed. "If you weren't here I'd take my hair off and rest it."

"What?" he cried.

"I mean down," she corrected.—New York Press.

The corruption of the best becomes the worst.—Latin Proverb

Hartford Herald, Only \$1 Year

COMMENCEMENT GREAT SUCCESS

Large Audiences Enjoy Closing Exercises.

FAMOUS HARTFORD COLLEGE

Reaches Thirtieth Event of the Kind—Display of Local Talent.

The thirtieth annual Commencement exercises of Hartford College and county High School were held in Dr. Bean's commodious opera house last week, beginning with the baccalaureate sermon delivered by Rev. Virgil Elgin, at the Christian church. The sermon was one of the best ever heard in Hartford and contained much food for the minds of the students who had marched in a body from the college building to the church.

On the first evening at the Opera House, the children of the first, second, third and fourth grades, under Misses Alta Likens and Mattie Moseley, furnished an excellent entertainment, consisting of songs, drills, recitations and dialogues. The pupils in these grades gave the highest evidence of thorough training and close personal attention upon the part of the teachers during the school year.

On Tuesday evening students in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades, under Profs. W. R. Hedrick and A. E. Ellis, entertained in a manner entirely satisfactory to the large audience which greeted them. The evening was spent with a number of good dialogues, and a drill by the girls, each of whom carried a Japanese lantern; and a clown drill by the boys, both of which were especially enjoyed. Profs. Ellis and Hedrick have been very successful with their pupils and they gave evidence of thorough training during the exercises.

Wednesday evening the girls of the ninth grade gave a play entitled "The Rainbo Kimona." The play consisted of two acts and was full of laughable and interesting incidents. Following were the cast of characters: Nellie Van Tassel, President of the "Rainbow Kimona" Society, Lelia Glenn; Ruth Ashton, the Vice President, Daisy Wedding; Alice Marion, the Treasurer, Flora Taylor; Isabel Suro, the Secretary, Essie Hudson; Beatrice Courtney, the Class Poet, Mary Elizabeth Felix; Olive Mercer, President of the Basket Ball Team, Alma Riley; Winifred Turner, Student, Corlone Woodward; Edith Jones, the New Senior, Catherine Pendleton, Rose Jackson, Miss Penelope's Impish Little colored maid, Mildred Elgin. All of the girls did well, and the characterization of the various parts was exceedingly well done.

Thursday evening the boys and girls of the tenth and eleventh grades gave a play in three acts entitled the "Professor." This was also well presented and enjoyed by a large audience. Cast of characters: Professor John Grindem, Principal of Rafton High School, a man who does the work of ten, Rhea Hatcher; Mrs. Martha Morton Grindem, his wife, who knows very little about the school really; Alice Taylor; Mrs. William Morion, his mother-in-law, who has never visited "Dear John" before; Beatrice Haynes; Professor Markam Wright, his assistant who is scholarly and absent-minded, Harry Glenn; Galliger Gurdy, a blacksheep, Estill Barnett; Margaret Woodward, otherwise Babe, a Freshman, Lela Magnin; Mr. Frank Sawyer, president of the graduating class, Devert Moseley; Bessie Tappan, class historian, Myrtle Williams; Miss Millicent Cameron, from Philadelphia, a favorite pupil, Annie Allen Elgin; Miss Sophia Spalding, teacher of elocution, Hattie Glenn; J. P. Thompson, Esq., president of the Board of Education, Herbert Felix; Mary, the maid, Beatrice Haynes; Mame Hensel, leading lady in "She Stoops to Conquer"; Bessie V. Taylor, Carpenters, Messengers, Florists and Attendants.

The graduating exercises, which were free to all, took place Friday evening with the following program: March Hollander, Incarnation, Rev. J. W. Bruner, Vocal Solo—Dreaming Wellings, Oration—Aviation, McHenry Holbrook, Instrumental Solo—"Hark, Hark, the Lark!" Schubert Liszt, Oration—"Silent Influences" Emma Alice Keown, Vocal Solo—Doris Nevin. Oration—"Panama Canal." Hattie T. Glenn. Vocal Solo—"His Eyes Met Mine." Crunfeld, Oration—"Success," Bessie V. Taylor, Instrumental Solo, Moszkowski, Oration—"Enfanchement of Woman," Nellie E. Smith, Vocal Solo—"Conzonetta" Myer—Harold Oration—"Modernization of Japan," Levi Oscar Coleman, Music. Each member of the graduating

class handled his subject in a manner that spoke well for himself and the faculty.

The diplomas were presented by J. S. Glenn, chairman of the Board of Education, in his usual happy manner.

Among those who deserve special mention for assistance in preparing and rendering the various programs, are Mrs. J. S. Glenn and Mrs. Halley E. Brown, who helped materially in coaching the young people in the two plays, and Miss Margaret Nail, Mrs. Virgil Elgin, Miss Thompson and others who assisted in furnishing the music.

To Rural Route Patrons.

It is the desire of the Postal Department that patrons of rural delivery post boxes and the posts to which they are attached be pure white color. This course, if pursued, will not only result in a benefit to the patron in serving to protect his box and post from damage by the weather, but will give to all boxes a uniform color and serve to fix their identity in all parts of the country as United States mail boxes, and will give them a much clearer and sightlier appearance than they now possess. It is also desired that patrons be induced to imprint their names and box numbers on boxes in black block letters about two inches high.

It is also desired that you endeavor to induce road officials to paint upon the posts of boxes which are located at cross-roads (but not attach signs thereto) the names of the towns or villages to which the cross-roads lead, with an indicator showing the direction.

PLANS ARE COMPLETE

For the Dedication of Kentucky's New State Capitol on June 2d.

Frankfort, Ky., May 6.—The executive committee for the Capitol dedication ceremonies met Wednesday afternoon, but took no positive action owing to the unavoidable absence of the secretary, J. M. Vanderveer. Another meeting will be held Thursday afternoon at which some of the final plans will be put on foot. It has been decided to make the whole affair a most dignified one, and to that end invitations will be sent to all the former Governors of the State and to a number of other noted men of the State, asking them to come and take part in the ceremonies. There will be no parade, as was first supposed, but carriages will be provided for the invited guests. Invitations will also be sent to all the commercial clubs of the various cities of the State, asking them to send representatives and to stir up interest in the matter.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will clear the sour stomach, sweeten the breath and create a healthy appetite. They promote the flow of gastric juice, thereby inducing good digestion. Sold by all dealers. m

Our Tobacco Exports.

The United States leads the world as an exporter of tobacco, having supplied over \$41,000,000 worth of tobacco and manufactures of tobacco which entered international markets last year.

In the exportation of manufactured tobacco Cuba is at the head of the list, with a total of \$13,000,000, compared with \$6,000,000 in the United Kingdom, \$4,750,000 for the United States, \$2,500,000 for the Netherlands, \$2,250,000 for Egypt, \$1,500,000 each for Germany and Brazil, \$1,250,000 for France, \$1,000,000 for Japan. Of the tobacco exported from the United States about 11 per cent. is in the manufactured form, and from Cuba about 45 per cent.

The tobacco crop of the United States in 1908 was 718,000,000 pounds, valued at \$74,000,000; the value of domestic manufactures, according to the census of 1905, \$331,000,000; the revenue derived from domestic tobacco in 1908, \$50,000,000, and the total duties collected on imported tobacco in the fiscal year 1909, \$23,250,000.

What Everybody Wants.

Everybody desires good health which is impossible unless the kidneys are sound and healthy. Foley's Kidney Remedy should be taken at the first indication of any irregularity, pain in the back and head, nervousness and exhaustion, and a serious illness may be averted. Remember you cannot live without your kidneys and you cannot be sound and well unless they perform their work properly. Foley's Kidney Remedy will build up worn out tissues, and restore your kidneys to their normal state. Sold by all druggists. m

It is said that the first hospital ever built in America was erected by the Spaniard Cortez in the City of Mexico in 1524.